

Good Morning 589

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

ENTERING the enemy-held harbour of Port Owen, an anchorage on the Japanese supply route off Southern Burma, on the surface in daylight and knowing that the channel was too narrow for the submarine to turn round and too shallow for diving, was one of the recent exploits of Lieut.-Commander E. P. Young, D.S.O., D.S.C., former London publisher.

In his report of the patrol, he said: "Although the water inside the anchorage was too shallow for diving, it was felt that the risk involved would be offset by the advantage of surprise."

As the submarine was negotiating the entrance two gunboats were sighted at anchor. It was decided to engage them.

"As the range was closed," he said, "the gunboats made frantic efforts to get under way. One of them, in fact, did succeed in turning towards us just before we opened fire."

"This vessel was hit and stopped with the third round. After that every round was a hit. The enemy replied with machine-guns."

"As soon as the crew of this vessel started to leap overboard, the aim was shifted to the second, until she, too, was abandoned. We then fired further rounds at the first target and several water-line hits were observed."

**This Picture says:
"I'm Fit and Cheery"**

**C.E.R.A. Horace
Holland**

YOUR wife is still happy in her work, Chief E.R.A. Horace (Holland), but she will be glad when you get back off your submarine.

She was at work when we called at 18, Saxton-road, Abingdon, Berks., but we soon went along to the factory to see her.

She was looking very well, "Dutch," and gave us some news of your family at Lowestoft. Brother Ivan seems to be thriving on Naval life and is in the best of health, as are Vera and Joyce. By the way, Joyce has just heard that her husband is prisoner-of-war, and that he is cheerful as can be expected.

Both your Mother and Father are well, and we are sure they would wish to join your wife in sending you plenty of love and kisses from home.



The message, "All's well at home," comes from the wife and the mother-in-law of Lieut. Rowe—a picture from Belfast.

"Finally, as we swept past at a range of 400 yards on our way out of the anchorage, the second vessel was again plastered, and we saw this one sink, while the other almost certainly would have sunk very shortly."

On another day during the same patrol, the submarine destroyed four coasters by gun action before lunch, including one laden with ammunition.

In addition to accounting for seven enemy vessels on this patrol, Lieut.-Commander Young carried out important reconnaissance in narrow and shallow waters. He was awarded the D.S.O. for undaunted courage and skill.

Fleet Street salutes you, Lieut.-Commander Young, and to you and your crew go congratulations from "Good Morning."

Baby Joan gets a Flying Start Ldg. Tel. George Crier

And here's why. That thirty days are over, To that Sub. they've said "Good bye."

And then you'll hear by wireless That a submarine is lost. But do you ever stop and think Just what it's really cost?

A submarine and sixty set out towards the West. Out to do their duty. Out to do their best.

So when you hear by radio That a Sub is overdue, Remember this, you Britons, They gave their lives for you.



THE "London Gazette" announcement of the award of a Bar to the D.S.O. for Lieut.-Cmdr. G. E. Hunt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., was the first news I had of the additional half-ring. Double congratulations, Sir, and to all the "Ultor" crew.



GLAD to hear the "Pin-Up" were acceptable in H.M. Submarine Tribune, Sub-Lt. Rayner—the matter of special pictures for Leading Seaman Woods, has been dealt with—the print is in the post and we have sent another one to his home in case the other gets adrift.

Your good wishes are well received by the editorial staff—thanks, and the same to you.

Ron Richards



BABY JOAN is going to attract attention, Leading Tel. George Crier, and she's off to a flying start even in the first few weeks of life.

At Seafeld Nursing Home, Blackpool, Joan was the nearest to a Christmas baby, so the staff doted on her. Now, at 40 Grasmere Road, Swinton, Lancs, she has two women to adore her, attend to her every need, and generally make a fuss about her.

Teresa thinks that Joan is a model of you. She proved it to us by comparing with a picture she has of you. My word! You looked cute as a baby!

Anyway, your daughter posed for some pictures. She's blue-eyed, has light brown hair, tipped the scales at 7-14 at birth, and is still gaining. Her mother says, "She sleeps with one arm up, just like you said she would." Mrs. Crier has managed to obtain a pram, so by now Joan will be taking the air every day.

Grannie, too, has a good word for your offspring. "A darling. . . The light of my life." And to you she says, "Joan is as good a battler as the old 'battle-axe.'" (Sounds as if you may have been ungallant at some time.)

Grannie, Mrs. Alice Crier, came home from business while Joan Marion was posing. She carries on, and is quite fit again. She insisted on having a picture with the baby she idolises—which we have sent home to Swinton—and sure enough, Joan knows an old friend when she claps eyes on Grannie.

Mrs. Crier sends her love with the picture. Says for herself and Joan, "Hurry up, sailor . . . hurry home."

ONE SHOT KILLED 20 MILLION MEN

For thirty days they live like fish, No sun, no fun, no pleasure, Facing danger with a smile For the country that they treasure.

Their mates aboard the parent Ship are silent,

THE shots which recently caused the deaths of Lord Moyné, his chauffeur, and another soldier in Egypt, may have repercussions that will influence the destiny not only of Egypt, but Palestine as well, and perhaps other countries.

It is worthy of note that in the past single shots have changed histories. One shot fired by a pinchbeck patriot in the crowded faubourg of Marseilles left sixteen million people leaderless and altered the entire outlook of Greece—and with Greece the outlook of the Balkans.

The whole future of the Balkan peninsula, the flash-point of Europe, was suddenly changed by a handful of saltpetre and a small bit of lead!

Time and time again history has somersaulted because of some obscure act of violence, the outcome of the "grievance" of a small gang of men, or even a single man!

Mostly, too, by a strange paradox, these assassins have been degenerated creatures who have thought that by the murder of a ruler their own petty and misguided schemes would come to fruition.

MURDER FOR NOTHING. Kalemán, the man who slew King Alexander of Greece, was a member of a tiny group of rascals who rendered Macedonia a nightmare for real leaders. They gained nothing by the crime.

Abraham Lincoln, the noble leader of the United States of America, was shot in a theatre in 1865 by a fanatic who never

The assassin's bullet can change the face of the world, crumble dynasties, raise kingdoms, and bring death to countless innocent people, yet the assassin is usually a degenerate seeing no further than his own petty ends, says ALFRED RHODES.

dreamed the result of his act would be what it was.

The death of Lincoln, coming during an era of reconstruction, did tremendous damage to the national and political fabric, from which some say it has not yet recovered.

When the Grand Duke Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, nobody dreamed that the killer had started what proved to be until then the bloodiest war of history.

That war cost the lives of twenty million men in Europe's battlefields. And the origin was a small steel bomb filled with picric acid, thrown by young Princep, who has been called "little better than the village idiot."

He was the tool of a small conclave of political cretins whom he didn't even know!

The assassinations of Czar Alexander of Russia, of King Umberto of Italy, and of President MacKinley of America, were all followed by upheavals that rocked the world, and resulted in long periods of unrest, suspicion and uncertainty that affected nations and caused laws to alter the even flow of centuries.

In 1932 there was the murder

of President Doumer, of France, by Gorguloff, who admitted that he had no motive worth calling a motive.

But that murder changed the face of France for a generation.

In 1933, Cermak, the Mayor of Chicago, was shot, and his murderer could give no definite reason for the act, although he said he wanted to kill President Theodore Roosevelt also.

He could give no coherent excuse; and he may be said to have been the first gangster of Chicago. Following his crime, the city became a hotbed of gangsters.

Dr. Dollfuss, the late Austrian Chancellor, was shot in his office by a Nazi who did not know that he was shooting Dollfuss; and that plunged Austria into the whirlpool from which she has not yet recovered.

The turbulent history of Spain is a series of assassinations of kings and rulers, and the late Alfonso and Queen Ena narrowly escaped a bomb on their wedding day. Franco has been threatened.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



The Lawyer had three strings to his bow. O. HENRY snaps them in this slick 3-Day tale.

HYPOTHESES OF FAILURE

LAWYER GOOCH bestowed his undivided attention upon the engrossing arts of his profession. But one flight of fancy did he allow his mind to entertain. He was fond of likening his suite of office rooms to the bottom of a ship. The rooms were three in number, with a door opening from one to another. These doors could also be closed.

"Ships," Lawyer Gooch would say, "are constructed for safety, with separate, water-tight compartments in their bottoms."

If one compartment springs a leak it fills with water; but the good ship goes on unhurt. Were it not for the separating bulkheads one leak would sink the vessel. Now it often happens that while I am occupied with clients, other clients with conflicting interests call. With the assistance of Archibald—an office-boy with a future—I cause the dangerous influx to be diverted into separate compartments, while I sound with my legal plummet the depth of each.

"If necessary, they may be baled into the hallway and permitted to escape by way of the stairs, which we may term the lee scuppers. Thus the good ship of business is kept afloat; whereas if the element that supports her were allowed to mingle freely in her hold we might be swamped—ha, ha, ha!"

The law is dry. Good jokes are few. Surely it might be permitted Lawyer Gooch to mitigate the bore of briefs, the tedium of torts and the prosiness of processes with even so light a levy upon the good property of humour.

Lawyer Gooch's practice leaned largely to the settlement of marital infelicities. Did matrimony languish through complications, he mediated, soothed and arbitrated. Did it suffer from implications, he readjusted, defended and championed. Did it arrive at the extremity of duplications, he always got light sentences for his clients.

But not always was Lawyer Gooch the keen, armed, wily belligerent, ready with his two-edged sword to lop off the shackles of Hymen. He had been known to build up instead of demolishing, to reunite instead of severing, to lead erring and foolish ones back into the fold instead of scattering the flock.

Often had he by his eloquent and moving appeals sent husband and wife, weeping, back into each other's arms. Frequently he had coached childhood so successfully that, at the psychological moment (and at a given signal) the plaintive pipe of "Papa, won't you tum home adain to me and muvver?" had won the day and upheld the pillars of a tottering home.

Unprejudiced persons admitted that Lawyer Gooch received as big fees from these reyoaked clients as would have been paid him had the cases been contested in court. Prejudiced ones intimated that his fees were doubled, because the penitent couples always came back later for the divorce, anyhow.

There came a season in June when the legal ship of Lawyer Gooch (to borrow his own figure) was nearly becalmed. The divorce mill grinds slowly in June. It is the month of Cupid and Hymen.

Lawyer Gooch, then, sat idle in the middle room of his clientless suite. A small anteroom connected—or rather separated—this apartment from the hallway. Here was

Suddenly, on this day, there came a great knocking at the outermost door.

Archibald, opening it, was thrust aside as superfluous by the visitor, who without due reverence at once

penetrated to the office of Lawyer Gooch and threw himself with type—large-sized, active, bold and good-natured insolence into a comfortable chair facing that gentleman. The man was of the emphatic Gooch and threw himself with type—large-sized, active, bold and good-natured insolence into a comfortable chair facing that gentleman.

"You are Phineas C. Gooch, ready and at ease. He was well clothed, but with a shade too much ornateness. He was seeking a lawyer; but if that fact would seem to saddle him with troubles they were not patent in his beaming eye and courageous air.

"My name is Gooch," at length the lawyer admitted. Upon pressure he would also have confessed to the Phineas C. But he did not consider it good practice to volunteer information. "I did not receive your card," he continued, by way of rebuke, "so I—"

(Continued on Page 3)

JOKE CORNER

QUIZ for today

1. A Moa is a native of Samoa, extinct ostrich, kind of grass, East Indian coin?
2. Who was Croesus?
3. Who was "the little gentleman in black" to whom toasts were drunk on the death of William III?
4. Who is known as "the letters spell British Isles."

man with the banjo eyes"?
5. In what winter was ice hockey introduced?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Board, Plank, Batten, Girder, Lath, Slat.

Answers to Quiz in No. 588

1. Bird.
2. River Rye.
3. Richard III (Crookback).
4. "Fear Naught."
5. Croquet.
6. T (either of them); other

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



ATTENTION was drawn recently in the "Daily Mail" to the fact that American magazines were carrying advertisements for so-called U.S. war-time products which, in reality, were the child of British brains.

This had a sequel in Parliament when the Minister of Production, replying to Sir Alfred Beit, stated that restrictions in connection with such commercial exploitation or advertising were contained in Command Paper No. 6392 of 1942, known as the Patent Interchange Agreement.

★

SIR ALFRED also asked the Minister if he was aware that there had been statements in the Press to the effect that exploitation of this sort was taking place, and if he could make it clear that certain safeguards were entered into.

Mr. Lyttelton replied that the Command Paper provided safeguards. If there was any evidence that it had been abused he would be glad to look into it.

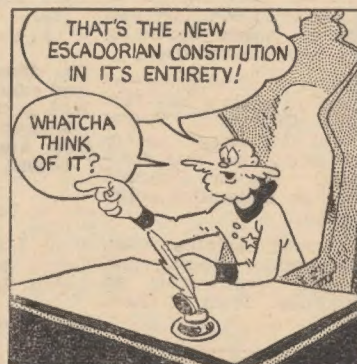
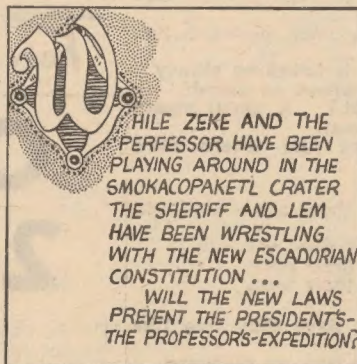
The "Daily Mail" gave what it described as an "outstanding example" of this kind of exploitation. This concerned a famous aero-engine, aero-engine component parts, and Radar devices which had been farmed out to private American firms. The paper alleged that these were now being produced and advertised under the proprietary names of U.S. firms.

★

WHY do people keep inquiring after the health of our car? Getter-Around (5) is a lovely little creature. And she is well-behaved, too. It's only when the roads are wet, or there is a fog or frost, that she gets temperamental and casts off wings and things.

It's strange people can't understand that; among the disbelievers is the insurance man. As I pointed out to him, if the driver happened to be a drunk it would be a different story.

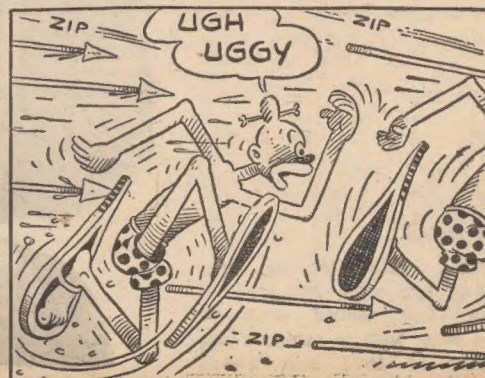
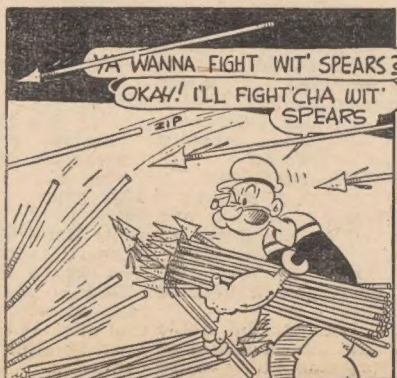
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—528

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: C*N*U*I*N.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: TALK into CHAT, and BRICK into SLATE
3. What famous London railway station has IN for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 527

1. EXPLANATION.
2. TOUCH, torch, porch, poach, roach, REACH; MATCH, march, parch, perch, porch, TORCH.
3. Malvern.
4. Felt left.

JANE



HYPOTHESES OF FAILURE

(Continued from Page 2)

"I know you didn't," remarked the visitor, coolly; "and you won't just yet. Light up?" He threw a leg over an arm of his chair, and tossed a handful of rich-hued cigars upon the table. Lawyer Gooch knew the brand. He thawed just enough to accept the invitation to smoke.

"You are a divorce lawyer," said the cardless visitor. This time there was no interrogation in his voice. Nor did his words constitute a simple assertion. They formed a charge—a denunciation—as one would say to a dog: "You are a dog." Lawyer Gooch was silent under the imputation.

"You handle," continued the visitor, "all the various ramifications of busted-up connubiality, and you are a surgeon, we might say. I've got a story to tell you. Then who extracts Cupid's darts when he shoots 'em into the wrong my wireless?" parties. You furnish patent, incandescent lights for premises where the torch of Hymen has burned so low you can't light a

cigar at it. Am I right, Mr. 'Apothecary' was the best shot I could make at it in my mind. The hypothetical goes. I'll state the case. Suppose there's a woman—a deuced fine-looking woman—who has run away from her husband and home? She's badly mashed on another man who went to her town to work up some real estate business. Now, we may as well call this woman's husband Thomas R. Billings, for that's his name.

I'm giving you straight tips on the cognomens. The Lothario chap is Henry K. Jessup. The Billingses lived in a little town called Susanville—a good many miles from here. Now, Jessup leaves Susanville two weeks ago.

The next day Mrs. Billings follows him. She's dead gone on this man Jessup; you can bet your law library on that."

Lawyer Gooch's client said this with such unctuous satisfaction that even the callous lawyer experienced a slight ripple of repulsion. He now saw clearly in his fatuous visitor the conceit of the lady-

killer, the egoistic complacency of the successful trifler.

"Now," continued the visitor, "suppose this Mrs. Billings wasn't happy at home? We'll say she and her husband didn't gee worth a cent. They've got incompatibility to burn. The things she likes, Billings wouldn't have as a gift with trading-stamps. It's Tabby and Rover with them all the time. She's an educated woman in science and culture, and she reads things out loud at meetings. Billings is not on. He don't appreciate progress and obelisks and ethics, and things of that sort. Old Billings is simply a blink when it comes to such things. The lady is out and out above his class.

(More to-morrow)

ALEX CRACKS

An old lady walked into a chemist's shop, and, being doubtful of the assistant's qualifications, said, "Are you fully qualified?"

"Yes, madam," came the reply.

"Passed all your examinations?" she pursued.

"I'm a member of the Pharmaceutical Society," replied the chemist, mystified.

"Never made any serious mistakes?"

"Never, madam."

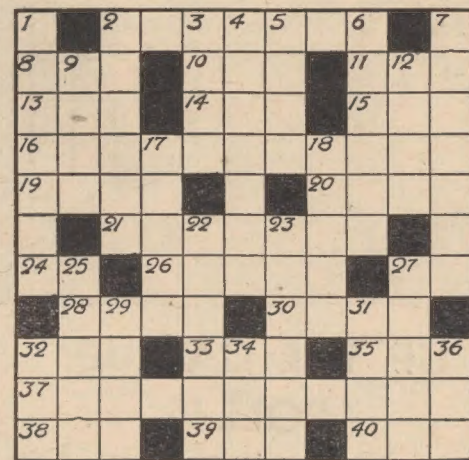
"I am glad," said the old lady with relief. "I'll have a tube of tooth paste."

American: "Back home in California the weather is always perfect."

Briton: "Whatever do you find to talk about?"

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Hurried. 8 Girl's name. 10 Age. 11 Go astray. 13 Cooking utensil. 14 Salop town. 15 Contend. 16 Medical preparations. 19 Drink. 20 Deer. 21 Bushy-tailed animal. 24 What. 26 Carpet. 27 Small feet. 28 Pitcher. 30 Loyal. 32 Word of disgust. 33 Curve. 35 Young animal. 37 Possible occurrence. 38 Moist. 39 Eastern coin. 40 Scottish river.



CLUES DOWN.

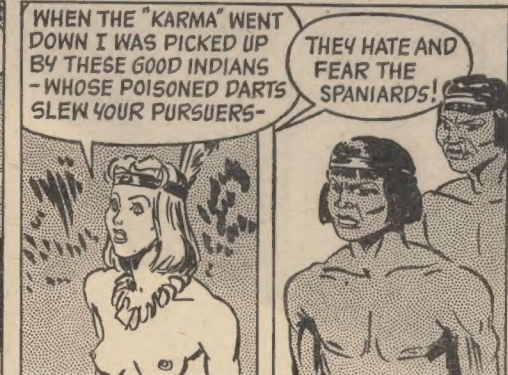
1 Competent. 2 Knock-about. 3 Stitches. 4 Highest bough. 5 Light-giver. 6 Grills. 7 Fire-basket. 9 Accomplished. 12 Hay stack. 17 Cross. 18 Tight. 22 Units of weight. 23 Lubricator. 25 Lift. 27 Wind instrument. 29 Sharpen. 31 Sharp. 32 Seat. 34 Shrub. 36 Extra.

CAT VALETS
AGOG BIGHT
NEURAL GRAB
O ROVER EMU
ENSUE EDWIN
A TRIPE N
CRASS OFFAL
OWL EASEL I
SHOP MENACE
ANODE DRAG
LEMONS EWE

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



HOME TOWN NEWS

PENNY-A-WEEK BECAME KNIGHT.

IN the 1880s, when there were no motor-cars, no cinemas, no radio, in fact No Nothing, judged by the pleasure facilities modern youth enjoys, a ten-year-old lad in Glynecorwg village, South Wales, was compelled by sheer necessity to find a job. He was one of 13, and every penny that came into his home was needed. So the boy—Willie Jenkins by name—got a job cleaning the village doctor's pony and stable. His "pay" was a penny stamp a week!

Eighteen months later he got promotion. made the tea for the navvies constructing the old Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway. But Willie wanted to get on. At 12 he went into the mines as a pitboy. That started him on the road to fame.

In December, 1944, that lad—a venerable, white-haired Member of Parliament—died, aged 73. He was Sir William Jenkins, Labour M.P. for Neath, and foremost figure in the public life of Glamorgan.

He was the perfect example of Local Lad Makes Good. He was chairman of Glamorgan County Council, chairman of County Councils Association of England and Wales, and had deputised for the Speaker in the House of Commons. He held scores of public offices, the one dearest to his heart being chairmanship of the County Education Committee, in which capacity he helped many a poor lad, like he was, up the ladder of fame. A devout Congregationalist, Sir William Jenkins will always be held up as an inspiration to youth.

MAURICE THE BELOVED.

BEDS are to be named in many Welsh hospitals as a memorial to the late Major Maurice Turnbull, who was killed recently. Maurice—Glamorgan and England cricketer, Rugby and hockey star—was greatly loved in the Principality. One thousand guineas will go for a bed in Cardiff Infirmary. Swansea has collected £500 for a hospital bed.

PHIZ QUIZ

Probably has received more kicks in the pants (and more dough per kick) than any man living. The universal "little man," recognised and loved all over the world.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No 588: Lord Burghley.

UP THE GALLUP POLL!

"She's a lulu, and we'll run her for a full page," announced Woody, the Art bloke. "She'd be so nice to leave home for," sighed the cub reporter. "She's a limited issue in mint condition," summed up the Stamp Editor. "She's a new star in the Hollywood firmament," said Dick Gordon, happily coining a phrase. "She's the one thing no crook could forget," cracked Stuart Martin. "She may burst into flames at any moment," warned the Fireman. While, as for us, we simply said, "If you've all finished, she's Lauren Bacall, of Warner's." We're like that — blasé.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"If she's blasé,
then I'm a
virgin!"

